

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Price \$2.00 A Year in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 5200.
Single Number 5 Cents.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF \$10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the get-together of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what is ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can get some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

30 Subscribers and \$50.00

or

30 Subscribers and \$75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's \$55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of Ten Dollars from our previous offer.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for Fifty-Five Dollars cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth Fifty-Five Dollars!

At least, TRY IT.

The Sewing Machine Premium.

As some very suspicious persons seem still to have doubts relative to the perfect fairness of our offer of a \$55 Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine as a Premium for certain clubs, and, wise in their own conceit, think there must be, in some shape, some "humbug" about it, we beg leave to quote the following letters from individuals who have received the machines in question. Any of these individuals doubtless would answer letters addressed to them on the subject, inclosing a pre-paid envelope, with pleasure.

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA,
Dec. 5, 1865.

Mrs. H. Peterson & Co.—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of the Sewing Machine from Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, the premium for a club of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Lady's Friend*. The machine is perfect in every respect; it does its work completely, and fully comes up to the description in the advertisement.

Yours truly, W. F. McKEAY.

St. CLAIRVILLE, OHIO, Dec. 12th, 1865.

Messrs. Dutton & Peterson—Gentlemen—I am much pleased to write you that I have received my machine. It came on the evening of Thanksgiving. You may be sure I am delighted with it when the agent here, who owns a silver mounted machine, declares it a "perfect beauty" and the "best finished machine in town." As there are near fifty machines in the town, I think this quite a compliment. I certainly will bless the day when I first thought of getting a club for the *Lady's Friend*.

Yours with many thanks, M. C. RYAN.

PLATTSVILLE, NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1866.

Dear Sir—I received the machine last Saturday all safe.

Mrs. M. DUBOIS.

WHEELING, NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Dutton & Peterson—Received the machine yesterday; please accept many thanks.

Yours truly, Mrs. N. W. HALL.

GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN CO., PA.,
Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Dutton & Peterson—Since writing you last week "the machine" has come to hand all right. It suits me very well. Please accept my thanks for it.

Yours very respectfully, ELLA KICK.

NEWARK, NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1866.

Dear Sir—In obedience to your request I acknowledge the receipt of a Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine in safety. So far as I can learn, your magazine gives general satisfaction to the subscribers.

Remain yours, &c.,
THOMAS H. LEWIS.

MADISON, INDIANA, Jan. 17, 1866.

Gentlemen—The machine came to hand yesterday, and the party is much pleased with it. Please accept thanks for your prompt delivery.

Yours truly, O. A. FITCH.

LANCASTER, OHIO, Jan. 17, 1866.

Messrs. Dutton & Peterson—Gentlemen—The machine came safely to hand on the 15th ult., and I think as far as tested will answer elegantly.

Respectfully, ADA H. KAPFMAN.

KITTSBORO, PA., Jan. 23, 1866.

Sir—After some delay the Sewing Machine reached me safely and in good order, for which I accept my sincere thanks.

Truly yours, FREDERICK McMASTER.

RYER'S MILLS, NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1866.

Messrs. Dutton & Peterson—Gentlemen—I have received the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine all in order. Please accept my thanks for your promptness. I need not say that the machine exceeds my expectations, and is the pride of the place. Yours very truly,

MARIA MILLER.

ALLAUGHNEY CITY, PENN.,
Jan. 15, 1866.

Gentlemen—I received by Adams Express the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine awarded me as a Premium for getting up a Club. This is the very machine that I have been enabled, through your liberality, to furnish to different members of my Club, all of which give entire satisfaction.

Respectfully, ROBERT EDWIN.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST. A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORLAND," "FORGED WILL," "REPTILES," "BEINGS OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, In the year 1865, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XX. THE SAVAGE DECKED.

By the time that Charles Hampton (alias Stephen Rogers, which was his real name, though for convenience we shall still continue to call him by his assumed one) had finished his morning repast, the sun was gliding the tops of the hills, and the Indians were collected together, and holding a consultation concerning their next movements.

After the brief skirmish in the vicinity of Higgins' Blackhouse, as rather mentioned that described in a preceding chapter, it will be remembered the Indians made a precipitate retreat. In their flight they had borne off a few dead and several wounded warriors. The frontiersmen had hotly pursued them, but only in vain, which had been followed, then by signals, understood among themselves—such as the blowing of oars, the howling of wolves, the blowing of flutes and the gobbling of turkeys—the savages had shortly managed to reassemble their whole force.

Then they had held a council of war, which had resulted in a division of opinion and a division of number. The majority had been for a bold marauding expedition through the country, and the minority for getting across the Ohio in the shortest possible time. Both parties had been permitted to have their way—the head having been buried and the wounded consigned to the smaller number. If Hampton had then been consulted and asked to do as he pleased, he would have gone with the latter and taken Isaline with him; but as Blodget and Methos had decided to go with the main body, and as the white savage still had the fair captive in his charge and would not lose sight of her, the scheming villain had of course to do the same.

Being ambitious to distinguish himself as an Indian warrior, Methos had taken an active part in the attack upon the first cabin they had come to, leaving poor Isaline to the care of Hampton, who had guarded her to the end of the day's journey—nor had the white savage since said or done anything to show that he intended to renege his claim to her possession.

Thus matters stood as the Indians now held their council, in which both Blodget and Methos took part. As it was known to the savages that the whole country was up in arms behind them, they decided to make a leap, with march to the westward, and avoid all stations, settlements and single dwellings, till the cover of another night should enable them to continue their horrid work of murder and pillage with little risk. They had managed to steal some twenty horses, which, not being enough for all, would require them to take turns in riding. Among the savages themselves this matter was easily arranged; but when Hampton brought up the horse he had ridden the preceding night, and was about to have Isaline mounted in front of him, he suddenly met with opposition that he was not expecting.

Methos stalked proudly up, with two of the partially dried scalps attached to his girdle, and, laying his hand upon the bridle rein, exclaimed:

"No brave—last night much fight—two scalp got—then walk keep. You no brave—no fight—no scalp got—ride keep long white square. Now we ride long white square—you walk keep."

For nearly a minute Hampton made no reply; but with his fingers working convulsively, he sat, with his black, fiery eyes fixed, and the fierceness of a tiger, upon the dull, gray orbs of Methos, who never quailed or changed expression, but remained merely passive, with a stolid look of dogged determination, as if patiently waiting for the other to speak or dismount.

At length the scheming villain turned to the decoy, who was standing near, and, in as quiet and steady a tone as he could command, fairly choking down his rage, said:

"Well," answered Blodget, with an expression that clearly showed he secretly enjoyed the annoyance of the other, "I don't know anything better than for you to do what he tells you."

"Have I not a right to this horse?"

"Not any more's you have to the others; they all belong to the party in common, and will till the Indians make a division."

"But the girl is mine certainly!"

"I don't know about that."

"Was it not the agreement before we started that she was to be mine exclusively?"

"Circumstances alter cases, you know!" returned Blodget, in a tone of provoking coolness. "She was yours at one time; but then, I'm told, she refused to go with you, and so you gave her away to Methos."

"Who said you so?"

Blodget nodded toward the white Indian.

"Ough!" grunted Methos, tapping his breast; "he say come me—me take her."

"But then you gave her up again," said Hampton, his eyes gleaming like a wild beast's and his lips fairly quivering with suppressed passion, "and she rode with me and was under my care nearly all last night."

"Ough!" grunted Methos again; "you no fight—no get scalp—you ride long white square—me walk big keep."

"That seems to be fair," grunted Blodget.

"Suppose we refer the matter to the Indians?" said Hampton, quietly, seeing that no show of passion or resistance would avail him under the circumstances. "I will ask you, as a gentleman and fellow countryman, friend Blodget, to state the matter fairly and impartially to these brave warriors, and assure them that the girl now prefers to go with me; and that as soon as we get to their towns, I intend to make them all hand over presents, in return for their kindness to us."

Even you, too, Methos?" he added, in a conciliating tone, turning to the sullen, dogged fellow, who still kept his grasp on the rein, and his cold gray eyes fixed immovably upon him; "you shall have a handsome present too!"

"We no want present—want square—want horse!" mildly growled Methos.

"You want the devil's brimstone, and I may put him away to get it out of these days!" thought Hampton, though he did not venture to say so aloud.

"If I'm to let the Indians the girl prefer to go with you, I've got to have it from her own lips first!" said Blodget.

"Speak then, Isaline," said Hampton, addressing the poor, half-demented girl, "and say it is your wish to go with me."

Isaline, pale as a ghost, was standing against the old tree, with the untamed forest still in her head, trembling, weak in body and sick at heart. Thus appealed to, she raised herself, as if with a painful effort, and, glancing around, saw many eyes fixed upon her, Methos's among the number. She would gladly have shrunk away, even out of existence, as she might forever have been rid of her tormentor; but as this could not be, she said, in a faint, despairing tone:

"Of the two, it is my wish to go with Mr. Hampton."

It was her wish to go with neither—Hampton had proved himself to be a sort of refined, black-hearted villain, and Methos was a coarse, brutal, cunning savage—but education, civility and acquaintance, had brought the former nearer to an equality with her than the latter; and, besides, she remembered that the treatment of the one had in the main been far more gentle and considerate than that of the other.

Little did she dream, however, of the manner in which her words would be received by the white Indian, or she would have permitted the matter to be settled by others, without herself expressing any choice—far, far from her thoughts, when Methos, with a fierce gleam of rage, strode up, and, seizing her roughly by the arm, brutally jerked her forward a few feet, and said, in a gruff tone:

"No go him—go me—you mine!"

Isaline uttered a despairing cry of pain and fear.

"Will me kill me at once, and put me out of my misery!" she exclaimed.

At that moment the forest again resounded with the same wild, prolonged, quivering shriek; and Methos, turning somewhat pale, suddenly relinquished his hold of Isaline and stepped back two or three paces, and the expectant Indians glanced quickly around them, with looks expressive of awe.

What might have caused, but for this mysterious interruption—what desperate thing Charles Hampton might have attempted—we will not pretend to say; but certain it is, that when Methos said violent hands upon Isaline, he turned deeply pale, quivered all over with passion, impulsively drew his knife, leaped from his horse, and now stood as one suddenly arrested by some startling occurrence.

For the space of half a minute there was a deep and almost breathless silence; and then Hampton said, in a clear, ringing tone, addressing Blodget:

"I claim that girl as mine, according to the compact between us! and you see the Devil so wills it!"

"It looks that way, by —" returned the other, with a supporting oath, and a shuddering shrug of the shoulders. "There's something about—the Lord knows what—that I don't care to quarrel with, and I'd advise Methos not to do it either."

"Let the Indians decide the point!" said Hampton; "you have heard the girl express her own wish in the matter."

Blodget now addressed a few words to the Indians; and Methos, fixing his eyes on him, and folding his arms across his breast, listened in silence, dogged silence. When the former had done, the latter quietly advanced, and made a brief speech and laid up his two scalp. Then the warriors, after a brief consultation, gave their decision. It was that neither Hampton nor Methos should have charge of Isaline for the present, but that she should be taken along as a general prisoner, and that whichever of the white men could show the most scalp by the time they were ready to cross the Ohio, should have her right to her forever after.

"And this is the decision of the warriors," said Blodget, in reply to the announcement of Hampton, suppressing his anger as much as possible.

"Such is their decision, sir!"

"Very well then, as I have no choice in the matter, it is hardly worth while for me to waste any more words on the subject!" returned Hampton, turning coldly away.

"Serve you right," muttered Blodget to himself, offended at the manner of the other, "for wanting the best price without doing anything for it! Well, as I've now got an equal chance with the pair of them, I'll just try what I can do to secure the girl, for she's a mighty pretty piece and will suit me exactly!"

Thus it will be seen that poor Isaline was prospectively decreed to the bloodthirsty clutch of them all—her possession to be the reward for excelling in murder and mutilation!

Having settled this matter, the Indians now hurried away from their present camp, one of the mounted savages taking poor Isaline up in front of him. They took a westward course through the wilderness, avoiding, according to previous arrangement, all settlements and settlements, continued their journey all day, several creeks and small streams, and, just before sunset, reached a wild, gloomy place on the right bank of the Kentucky river, where they again encamped, feeling pretty sure they had now left their armed foes far behind them.

Here they pitched their stolen horses, in a little valley where there was plenty of good grazing, and then kindled a fire and prepared their evening meal, which consisted principally of fresh meat.

In the course of the day Isaline had managed to see what Hampton had given her in the morning, and she now took what the savages offered her and put it away against a time of need, having no further desire for food at the moment. She was disgusted and gloomy, for the present was full of misery and the future looked darker still. She had not exchanged a word with a single soul since morning, and it was some little relief when Hampton now came to her and kindly inquired about her health.

"Unfortunately I am living still!" was her impatient reply. "though I am constantly praying for death!"

For a few moments Hampton stood and looked at her in such a position that the fire-light shone full upon his face, and Isaline observed that he was very pale and had a troubled expression.

"I did not have the pleasure of caring for you to-day!" he at length said, in a low, guarded tone.

"I suppose the Indians would not permit it!" she replied.

"All owing to that devil Methos!" he answered, glancing furtively around, to be sure that neither of the white men were within hearing. "Ah, Isaline," he continued, in a reproachful tone, "it was a bad thing for both of us when you withdrew yourself from my protection and placed yourself in his hands!"

"You complained me to be by your passionate violence!" she returned, with some spirit. "It was a wicked, cruel and cowardly act for you to strike a bound and helpless prisoner! and then, because I sympathized with him, who had been my kind protector and friend, to attempt to drag me away from him by brute force! Had a hand come down, I could have caught refuge in his arms to escape from you!"

"I know I was in the wrong," he passionately answered, "but at the moment I was beside myself with rage. Will you not forgive me, Isaline?"

She did not answer off he repeated the question in a low, sad tone.

"If I can see any evidence in the future that

you have really repented of all your wicked deeds, I will pray God to forgive you!" was her somewhat evasive reply.

"You shall see it, Isaline, if we both live and remain together! for I have repented, and shall stand for them by every means in my power! Do you know what the Indians decided on in the morning?"

"No, I did not understand what was said."

"You have been withdrawn from my protection, and are now held at the awful price of blood!"

"What do you mean?"

"They have decided that whichever of us three, (Blodget, Methos or myself,) shall produce the most white scalp by the time they are ready to cross the Ohio, shall have you for his reward."

"Oh, merciful God! am I indeed to be bartered for blood?" cried Isaline, with a wild, startled look.

"Hush! not so loud, dear lady!"

"Rather than be the cause of such horrible work, I will destroy myself!" said Isaline, in a low, determined tone; "for far better that I should perish and be out of my misery than that the innocent should be bartered on my account!"

"Far better than either that you should escape from these savages with me!" observed Hampton, in a low, hurried tone.

"Escape? how? there is no way!" said Isaline, quickly, catching her breath.

"Yes, yes, dear girl! keep up your spirits and hope! I have a plan—I will tell you more soon. There! hush! I see Blodget and Methos monitoring this way; and I will retire, lest they become suspicious!"

It was known to some of the Indians, who had recently been in this region, that there was a small settlement, about three or four miles above where they now were, which was not very strongly fortified, if at all, and scattered around, through that section of the country, were several isolated farm-houses also; and it was their present design to attack these, not far from midnight, expecting an easy conquest and much plunder as their reward. Their horses they intended to leave where they were, that they might be in a proper condition for a long journey on the following day, and a few of their number were to remain and guard their camp.

They soon began their preparations for this night expedition; and as all were eager to go, the guard to be left behind, five in number, was selected by lot.

It was perhaps a couple of hours after his first interview with Isaline that evening, that Hampton, again approached her, in a cautious, hesitating manner, as if with no design, but was standing under a tree, a little apart from the others; and passing around behind him, he stopped, with his back toward her, as if looking off into the forest.

"I am now ready to speak with you again, my dear, sweet friend!" he said, in a low, guarded tone, barely audible to her listening ear; "and be very, very careful that no one hears your voice, or detects anything in your manner to excite suspicion that we are holding a secret conversation!"

"Go on!" replied Isaline, without changing her position, and keeping her eyes fixed upon the nearest group of Indians.

"Will you converse with me if I show you an opportunity?" was the question of the other.

"Whether will you take me?"

"Why ask? Will not anywhere be better than here?"

"It can hardly be worse!" returned Isaline. "Then I pray you use no unnecessary words, for the present moments are important!"

"I will converse, if you show me a way!" replied Isaline, feeling she had nothing to lose in the attempt.

"Listen then! The Indians, all except five, will come out on an expedition against some outliers above here, to renege if possible the horrid deeds of last night. I shall start with them, apparently as eager for the murderous work as any. I will watch my chance and slip away as soon as I can, and come back to visit a trustful friend, in a line directly behind you and as you see nothing. Then I will indicate the location of an owl. As soon as you hear the signal, therefore, you will know I am waiting for you and where. Then, if you can possibly stand off unperceived, do so; but if, after repeating the signal twice, with the hope of half an hour, you do not come to me, I shall endeavor to cross a distance of some miles, in order to draw off the guard in that direction, which will surely give you a chance to escape. In any case you must take the same course, and be careful not to go too far; and if you do not readily find me, wait in some thicket! Will you again take the signal. Is everything now understood?"

"As well perhaps as it can be!" answered Isaline.

"Then I will say no more for the present!" rejoined Hampton; and he quietly withdrew off, as if in a waking mood.

In the course of another hour the three white men, and all the Indians except five, struck off through the forest in single file. The guard unit consisted of some thirty Indians, some of the best, and an old dog named around whom the old had been killed—just which had long since burned their out—and all were familiar companions, shouting and laughing and singing in the best of spirits.

HELIOTROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

Of all the flowers that ever grow
In all earth's gardens, there is one
Which I would be if it were so
That thou, beloved, wert the sun.
The faithful, fragrant little flower
Which in its purpling sweetness turns
Whatever way, bent after hours
Is mostly worshipped life-light burns.

Thou art my sun that shines high
Above me where the cloud-vellows ope,
While here beneath, earth-rooted, I
Bloom faintly sweet, thy heliotrope.
Thou circlest the broad heavens round,
Shining on worlds I cannot see
From this one little spot of ground
Where I dream dreams and watch for thee.

But O, I love this life of mine,
Since so I show my deep content,
And day by day thou comest to shine,
And sunnier all my soul is sent.
Thou what if other realms receive
More of thy light than thou givest to me,
I will not ask nor vainly grieve,
I only know thou shinest on me!

O brightly bloom the proud sweet flowers
In meadow lands and gardens gay,
But only one, as pass the hours,
Turns its true face to the way.
My love, my sun, whatever betide
This is the symbol of my hope,
Thy great life reaches far and wide,
Yet stoop and claim thy heliotrope!

Across the Plains to California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MARY L. ALLEN.
AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE NUNNERY," "ONE WOMAN'S HONOR," "LEONIE GRANT," ETC.

PART I.

The salary August day was drawing to a close, going out in heat and a kind of oppressive stillness that foreboded a storm; as the postmaster Harris in his unpretending little office—post-office and family grocery combined—stood behind the counter looking over, one by one, the packet of letters he held in his hand.

"No letters for any of your folks, Miss Bruner," turning a florid, smiling face toward the one other occupant of the store, a woman who stood there a little way from him in the broad light of the open door. A young woman, twenty-one or two, perhaps, not tall and not short, plainly dressed in gray gingham, yet having a certain grace of figure, and white skirts, and auburn tresses, and well-turned wrist prominent to see. Having, too, a low, clear voice, and a face that was hardly pretty and yet not plain—only three-lined, like the face of one who has been tried with Fate and been worsted in the fight. This was Nathalie Bruner.

"No letters for any," repeated the postmaster. "Here are some newspapers, though, and a book of some kind for your brother," slowly spelling out the address through his spectacles. "Mr. Leroy D. Bruner," reading the name across the counter to her with heavy, lumbering movements. He was never in a hurry, this steady-going old man, never seemed to get excited or to lose his temper. "The folks are all well, I suppose, Miss Nathalie," with neighborly interest.

"Quite well, thank you," gathering up her parcels to go. "One thing more, Mr. Harris—a power of soda, please."

It was handed down from the shelf in a ponderous manner, so as if it had weighed a ton instead of a pound; then the storekeeper proceeded to close and bolt his shutters and followed his customer out.

"We're going to have rain before long—about to-morrow morning, I think," looking the door behind him. The lady made some pleasant reply, then the two said good-evening and took their separate ways homeward, one keeping his leisurely pace and evening his big key as he went, the other walking with steady, rapid step along the wide, country road, where purple streaks grew thick along the fences, and groups of cattle struggled homeward, coming up as they always did toward twilight from their "range" on the prairie, to this higher wooded land. It was a quiet road, with here and there a farm-house on the way, and at every one a group of children playing about the barn, waiting to "turn in" their particular Blom, or Pink, or Blacky.

Miss Bruner needed to each group as she passed, but did not pause in her walk—kept steadily on for the sun was quite down now and home a mile distant.

She was not afraid though. She was never timid in the way so many women think pretty and interesting. It was an article in her creed, that cowardly fear, the dread of the unknown, was just as disgraceful in a woman as in a man; and thinking thus she would have been ashamed to tremble at being left alone in the dark, to scream at sight of an imaginary burglar, or to run away from every strange dog simply because it was strange and might be cross. Such things were simply cowardly in a woman as they would be in a man.

She was not a heroine, this girl; an telling you about. Not by any means one of those idealized creatures who are ready to die and dare all sorts of hazardous things. It was in her nature to be strong where many others are weak, and, worse for her, to be weak where many others are strong. Whether this weakness worked her sorrow, you shall see by and by.

The road became still more quiet, the houses farther and farther apart. There was a faint breath of air now, and the look of her brother, letting his crimson handkerchief fall, took a faint face it was—the face of a girl in its fairness and rounded outlines, the face of an old woman in its other weariness—weariness of soul and weariness of life. A youthful face from which all youth's brightness and freshness have been struck out.

You don't like the picture I am drawing for you? Unnatural, you say. Too deeply shaded. And yet I could show you its counterpart to-day.

Something true and true in the girl's nature she had inherited from her father, along with the deep, black eyes and hair, reddish-brown hair that belonged to the Bruners. Mrs. Bruner

was a Dwight, and had gray eyes and black hair, as had her son, Leroy Dwight Bruner, Nathalie's brother.

Nathalie sometimes wondered whether her life would have been such a failure if her father had lived.

It is a sad, sad thing when a woman at twenty-one pronounces her life a failure. When the illusions that make youth sweet have faded away, the pleasant dreams vanished. It comes to us all sooner or later in life, this disenchantment—but to most it comes gradually, after years have brought wisdom and the soul has learned to trust in something higher and surer than earth can give. But to her for whom there was no such compensation, the coming years stretched out blankly, empty of promise. The shadow of her coming was on her face now, their chill on her heart. The solemn quiet that brooded over earth and sky was unbroken. What were set of sun and rise of moon to her?—to her desolate.

A little way before her a couple of lovers stood talking over the garden fence, the girl coquetish in cherry-ribbons and white apron—the young man's head bent down close to the smooth, pink cheek. It was a pretty picture enough, and Miss Bruner looked at it as she went by, a still, inscrutable look in her dark eyes. Was she thinking of a time when she had thrilled at the sound of a voice, the touch of a caressing hand—when she had believed in a man's love?

She did not believe in it now. She had come to have small faith in any child of man. And yet—how weak we women are. How weak this woman was, that a trifle like that could shake her so. You would not have known that it had shaken her, though, for her face kept its listless quiet, her eyes their weary outlook, never changing until by-and-by a step sounded in the road behind her—a man's firm footfall on the hard, beaten path. What was there in that to drive all the faint color from cheek and lip; to make her heart stand still? Looking at her now you would know that the step was one she had listened for a hundred times, one whose faintness she knew by heart. But it was six months since she had heard it, and another woman listened for it now.

"Miss Nathalie!"

She turned at that, glancing up at the man beside her—a perfect athlete of a man, with a strong, masterful face, and eyes that kept their owner's secret well.

"You have returned, Mr. Vandemark?"

He had expected her, or blushed he was disappointed. Perhaps he did not care for those things now—and yet I think he did. I believe that, married man as he was, he would have given much to see her face kindly as it used to do at his coming. He bent down to look in it now, some sudden warmth and brightness flashing into his eyes as he did so, making it gleam like the sun on a woman's face. The gentlemen was in the house, too, as he said.

"You are not glad to see me as I am to see you, Nathalie?"

Her answer did not touch his words at all.

"Your family—they are well, I trust?"

"Yes, quite well." He would not be repulsed.

He held her hand an instant—friends claim that much more than kisses—"Let me have these people," he said then from her eyes as a matter of course, in that decisive way she used to like so well.

How tender he used to be of her in those days. Somehow his promise to return seemed to bring it all back to her—the strong man's protecting love, and all the brightness of those summer days a year ago, the evening of her wedding, when she had expected to be George Vandemark's wife. She might have been, she would have been his wife this night, but for her mother's interference. Was the old spell upon her once more—the spell of this man's influence? She could not have told; she did not stop to ask herself. She only knew that it was like heaven to be with him again. And walking by his side along the road that was familiar ground to both, their feet, she forgot the loneliness and estrangement and separation of the past year, and blossomed out into the girl he had known, shy and arch and winning, with wit and sweet sayings, and smiles that came and went, making of the pure, delicate face a picture.

Ah! George Vandemark, what an enchanter you were!

He stopped an instant at the gate to bid her good-night, taking her two hands into one of his, smoothing her hair with the other—he had not touched her before since they had met, only to shake hands at the first.

"Good-night, Nathalie."

"Good-night, George."

He bent down with a quick movement and kissed her—once—twice. "My little love!" His arms closed about her suddenly, and she felt herself drawn close to his breast.

Do not condemn him utterly. For that one mad, passionate moment he forgot that he was a married man, forgot everything but this pale little girl he held in his arms and that he loved her. An instant she yielded herself to the close, strong clasp—only an instant, then she drew herself free, the gate closed suddenly between them, and he stood alone under the elm tree. To her was nothing for the but to get on home, taking the memory of that white, startled face with him for company; that and the echo of her last words "George, George, do you remember that this is deadly sin?"

If he had been a better man than that anguished look would have brought a fiery flush to his face. As it was he only thought of the touch of her velvet cheek against his, and the way her head had dropped for a second on his shoulder.

"Ah! true heart! She loves me well, I know, though sometimes she makes her act so. She's good, too, good as gold, while my wife—ah! it's so low thinking, I suppose. My little Nathalie! What demon of cowardice was it that possessed me to give her up rather than yield to her womanly scruples? Foolish scruples!" he called them. "What harm would it do her, I said, to meet me at other people's houses after her mother's will made it out of the question for me to visit her, any longer at her own home? I meant to show Mrs. Bruner that I would have my own way quite of her opposition. But Nathalie was right in refusing, I see that now—right in guarding her own good name. My little girl! It is hard to remember that the two who should have been most tender of her were hardest—her mother and her promised husband."

And while he talked up the hill beyond which lay his home—home where his wife awaited him—Nathalie lay upon the ground in the darkest shadow of the garden, her face in the wet grass, her hands locked together as if they would never unclasp again.

There were visitors in the house. The sound of their voices came out through the open doors and windows thrown wide to admit the passing breeze; cheerful, pleasant voices, with now and then a little burst of laughter. Not the least pleasant one was Mrs. Bruner's, and Mrs. Bruner herself was a delightful hostess as she sat there talking with her guests, giving lively badinage to Mr. Sayler's jests and courteous answers to her wife's platitudes. A portly, matronly woman of forty-five, with gray eyes and hair that had once been purple-black. A woman who looked well to the ways of her household, and kept up the observance of religion in her family. A Christian by profession, going morning and night to her knees to ask for grace from God in heaven. And yet beneath so much that was good in heart and life was an underlying hardness in her nature—a substratum of granite.

I think the woman was a born ruler. She had ruled her husband while he lived, she ruled her mother and daughter now, if not with a rod of iron, at least with a sway that was willingly obeyed. "Children, obey your parents," and "Honour thy father and thy mother," were commands impressed upon their minds at an early age, and the influence acquired then she had maintained with a firm hand ever since.

If Mrs. Bruner often exacted more than any mother has a right to demand from her children after they have reached man's and woman's estate, it was not because she did not love them. In sickness or danger she would have sacrificed comfort, wealth, even life itself for them. But if they were to be saved it must be in her way; if they were to be happy it must be according to her ideas of happiness. I think it is of such stuff that reformers are made. Female reformers, I mean, lovers of great enterprises, combining a man's firmness and fortitude with a woman's tact in adapting means to ends. You have known such women no doubt, strong, faithful, conscientious, capable of rising to great heights, of making great sacrifices, showing in their own all other wills not strong enough to resist the influence. It is what we all are trying to do, each in our own way and degree—trying to improve our own views, opinions and modes of thought upon others. But there is a point beyond which this becomes tyranny. I don't know whether Mrs. Bruner ever realized this. I do not know that any one ever called her a tyrant. People liked her—most people, that is—Roy and Nathalie loved her.

Nathalie! She sat there still, unheeding the talk going on within. Their words, grave or gay, had no meaning for her. Only one sentence rang in her ears over and over again—"My little love! my little love!" and the lips George Vandemark had kissed formed just one wild, frantic wish—"If I could only die to-night!"

Oh! the lonely days and nights, the bitter pain of disappointment, the heart sickness, the weariness of life. She had been through it all once, she had thought the worst was past—that she could never suffer like that again. And now to find that the victory was not won after all—that the battle must be fought over again! No wonder that, knowing her own weakness as she did, she should shrink from the trial.

How the sight of George Vandemark's face to-night brought the old days back—the days when she had first known him. All that his life had been for her, for Roy, for Nathalie, was in that face. What a hero he had seemed in her eyes then, like a knight of old. "Brave, and true, and tender," her mother liked him then, and was very gracious to Mr. Vandemark.

Her mother! Recalling it all now the whole soul of the girl flamed into revolt. What right had Mrs. Bruner to insist George in that way? He was her own son, too! He was a proud, brave man, like a knight of old. "Brave, and true, and tender," her mother liked him then, and was very gracious to Mr. Vandemark.

Her mother! Recalling it all now the whole soul of the girl flamed into revolt. What right had Mrs. Bruner to insist George in that way? He was her own son, too! He was a proud, brave man, like a knight of old. "Brave, and true, and tender," her mother liked him then, and was very gracious to Mr. Vandemark.

By-and-by he went away over the ridge by the way to work; and the best she knew he was married.

Roy was invited to the wedding—he happened to be acquainted with some of the bride's family, a good enough family, though the bride herself, a gay young widow with some little property and a couple of children, was not just such a woman as he had thought George Vandemark would have chosen for a wife. There were others who wondered, knowing something of the man's tastes—knowing, too, what a favorite he was with women, and how easy it would have been for him to have secured a very different life-partner.

He was not a very good man—if he had been a better man than that anguished look would have brought a fiery flush to his face. As it was he only thought of the touch of her velvet cheek against his, and the way her head had dropped for a second on his shoulder.

"Ah! true heart! She loves me well, I know, though sometimes she makes her act so. She's good, too, good as gold, while my wife—ah! it's so low thinking, I suppose. My little Nathalie! What demon of cowardice was it that possessed me to give her up rather than yield to her womanly scruples? Foolish scruples!" he called them. "What harm would it do her, I said, to meet me at other people's houses after her mother's will made it out of the question for me to visit her, any longer at her own home? I meant to show Mrs. Bruner that I would have my own way quite of her opposition. But Nathalie was right in refusing, I see that now—right in guarding her own good name. My little girl! It is hard to remember that the two who should have been most tender of her were hardest—her mother and her promised husband."

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not. And yet, have I strength enough for this? How? God help me! I doubt, I doubt!" I think the angel must have pitied her, so alone as she was, with no help in heaven or earth.

She lifted her face at last—the weariest face you ever saw, but with a desperate resolve hardening and darkening in it. "If I were only out of this! Anywhere out of the world!" A point of light struck suddenly upon something bright at her feet. Mechanically she stooped and picked it up. It was a pocket knife, Roy's she knew, the long, narrow, pointed blade open. It was the very thing, quick, noiseless. Just a little incision in her white arm, so easy to make, and in half an hour she would be beyond all this struggle and temptation.

Was it a suggestion of the Evil One, the arch enemy who is always lying in wait for souls? She did not know. She hardly cared. I think she unfastened her sleeve at the wrist, pushing it above the elbow, and sliding her fingers over the smooth surface in search of the proper spot to strike. She must make no blunder now, the work must be finished. If Mrs. Bruner had only known, or Roy, but they were laughing and talking in the house, and she was going alone to her death.

Are there many of us, I wonder—many of us women, I mean—who know what it is to stand face to face with death as this girl was doing? I think of her now, looking back. The brave may well hold their breath before taking that last "plunge in the dark"—but she—her heart did not fail, nor her purpose falter. One second more and her design would have been accomplished, when a hand reaching over her shoulder took the knife unconsciously from her grasp, and a voice said, "Do you remember the old saying, that 'it's dangerous playing with edge tools'?"

Roy's hand and Roy's voice.

Did he understand what the open blade and bared arm meant? It was not easy to say. He had his mother's eyes—eyes that told nothing, save what their owner chose to reveal—and his tone was careless enough as he said, "You're good back, Nathalie? I was thinking of going down the road myself, but she just said maybe you'd be a little looser coming home by yourself."

He spoke in good faith; he had not seen George Vandemark. Nathalie did not look at him or speak, and he stood there a moment drumming on the fence with his fingers—a boyish habit that he sometimes had. Indeed, he was little more than a boy in age. Younger than Nathalie by three years, he was just eighteen now, but rather tall and remarkably well built for his years. Like his mother as to hair and eyes; like his mother, too, in some other respects, a fact which Mrs. Bruner was beginning to discover with a little secret uneasiness. He would be of age one of these days, you see, and might not prove as tractable as Nathalie had always been. And then he said, "Are you sick, Nathalie?" looking at her earnestly.

"No, not sick, Roy."

"Tired, then. Come in the house and rest and see Mr. and Mrs. Sayler. They came down awhile ago from Ludlow. They are going to California week after next."

"To California?"

"What was it the new in his glance that made her draw her arm up over his shoulder with a quick, fawn movement?"

"I must go, Roy." To all that he could say she had but this one answer—"I shall go. I must go, Roy," and at last he ceased to urge her, seeing how useless it was. "I shall remember you always, Roy, my one good brother."

He went away then to harness the horses as he had asked him to do, and Nathalie got up slowly and passed into the house and up to her little attic room.

By-and-by Mrs. Bruner followed.

Nathalie had changed her dress and was folding the last garment away in her trunk. She placed a chair for her mother, and went on with her work without speaking. For the space of five minutes there was still silence, broken at last by Mrs. Bruner.

"It is all so strange and sudden."

"Not to me, mother. I have been preparing for two weeks past."

"And did not tell me?"

"I knew you would oppose me. And it was easier to work without opposition."

"Nathalie, will you tell me only you are going?"

"Yes, knowing on the floor, turning the key in the lock of the last trunk. When it was done she stood up, and in a low voice Mrs. Bruner had never looked upon a whiter face than Nathalie's was then.

"No, mother, I can't tell you why I am going. That was all the said."

A horseman was going by just then—a horseman who lifted his hat courteously as he passed—George Vandemark's. Mrs. Bruner looked from one to the other, from the looking man who had stooped to speak to Roy, to Nathalie, a bonnet and travelling dress, and a dark suspicion crossed her mind.

"Nathalie is George Vandemark going to California, too?"

It was like a woman, that last stab, and yet she did not seem to hurt her so cruelly. She was half-dead with grief, and did not pause to think. But Mrs. Bruner never forgot to her dying day, the expression on Nathalie's face when she heard it. Not pale, for she could not be whiter than she was before—now red, for the instant had gone too deep for that—but the crimson look of one "wounded unto death in the house of her friends."

No one but you, mother, would have asked me that question. George Vandemark is not going to California. I am going because I cannot forget that I am bound to be his wife. No anger or impatience, only that weary quiet. I think Mrs. Bruner saw then the work she had wrought, as she will see it in the light of the judgment day.

What was there left for these two but to say good-by and part, one to stay, keeping the memory of what she had done with her for company. But Mrs. Bruner never forgot to her dying day, the expression on Nathalie's face when she heard it. Not pale, for she could not be whiter than she was before—now red, for the instant had gone too deep for that—but the crimson look of one "wounded unto death in the house of her friends."

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her suddenly in the road one evening he had come up to her with outstretched hands and that look in his eyes that she was most of all afraid of, and she had glided away from him like a spirit, leaving him to wonder if Nathalie had really grown afraid of him. Well, it was hard, only the good God above knew how hard, for her to avoid him in that way. And all the while she was longing with a hunger that was like death for one sight of his face, one touch of his lips. Ah! weak heart! so weak, yet strong enough to renounce all!

Three days more went quickly, and the few preparations indispensable to her made were completed. There was nothing new but to tell them all of her purpose and get Roy to take her with her trunk to Ludlow, where Mr. Sayler and his wife were awaiting her.

Mrs. Bruner listened in cool incredulity.

"Of course you will do nothing of the sort, Nathalie. You are crazy to think of it." Mrs. Bruner's decisions having always been like those famous Medo-Persian laws—unchangeable—she was surprised that Nathalie had even thought of persisting in any plan after she had expressed her dissent. "Don't you remember that I told you that night that I would never consent to anything so foolish?"

"I remember, mother. But I am going. I shall be in Ludlow at noon, and take the packet for Saint Louis to-night."

Quiet words, quietly spoken—but they struck Mrs. Bruner dumb for an instant. It was something altogether new for her authority to be set aside in this way, and the underlying hardness in her nature came up on her face as she said: "I forbid it. I am your mother, your rightful guardian, and I shall prevent you from taking this imprudent step."

"No one can prevent me. I was twenty-one three months ago."

That was true, though. Mrs. Bruner had forgotten it for the moment. They looked steadily into each other's faces—those two women—Nathalie's grave and impassive; and Mrs. Bruner was silent, seeing at last how useless all opposition must be. Nathalie was surely going, and it was out of her power to prevent it. I think maybe the thought came to her then how lonely the house would be when she was gone—the one daughter who had been with her always.

As for Roy he had kept silence. Perhaps he remembered that night when he had found Nathalie in the garden with his own knife in her hand, and that desperate look on her face, and remembering, was not so much surprised how I believe, too, that he guessed more of the truth than Mrs. Bruner with all her woman's intuition had discovered.

She turned to him. "You will take me up to Ludlow, Roy?"

"Yes, Nathalie, if you wish to go. But I want to speak to you first. Come out here," drawing her away out of the range of Mrs. Bruner's keen eyes, out into the warm September sunlight. And then he made her sit down, and he was shaking all over, this young Hercules, as he took her hand between his two hands and bent down and kissed her—he had never done it before since they were two children together.

"Little sister, it is best to go away off to the other side of the world in this way?"

"What was it the new in his glance that made her draw her arm up over his shoulder with a quick, fawn movement?"

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March 10, 1866.]

the hand that Nathalie gave him did not tremble. He was as steady as a rock, and the strong, muscular face was full of honest remorse as he bent down to her ear whispering hoarsely:

"Child, child, I never meant to do anything like this. You shall stay, and I will go. She looked up at him, wearily.

"No. You have a family, and I want to get away from here—away from you. You are afraid of me. And yet I would not harm a hair of your head, my little Nathalie."

If at any time she had doubted the necessity of the step she was about to take, she doubted no longer—now as she felt in every pulsing heart-beat the power this man still had over her. He would not help her. They would come of them help her. She must fight the battle unaided, and not unaided merely, but against them all. Well, so be it.

"Remember me to your wife, Mr. Vandermark, and—good-by. Good-by, mother."

There were no tears or kisses at this strange parting; but I think the hearts of some there were weeping tears of blood.

She stood up in the wagon to look back at the house and the sleeping garden, and the grassy yard lying warm under the September sunlight; and the dog, her dog that she had petted from a puppy, watching her through the bars of the fence, and those two human figures in the foreground, one shading her eyes with her hand, the other standing still where she had left him.

That was the picture she carried away with her to St. Louis, where our reporters procured complete outfit, and thence by the great Santa Fe route across the plains.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY J. R. B.

Just twenty years ago, Mary,
The world was robed in light;
The dew-drops round our pathway,
And the stars were doubly bright.

Just twenty years ago, Mary,
Your hand was clasped in mine,
And love in fairest garlands,
Our happy hearts did twine.

Just twenty years ago, love,
We roamed on sunny hills;
The woods were filled with music,
And the brooks were purring rills.

The clouds that floated o'er us
Were fringed with golden light;
Upon their wings they bore us
Where the sun is always bright.

The world was then a little speck,
Far in the distant view—
The world with which—O hard, rough world—
We've since had much to do.

The tears are in my eyes, Mary,
Our hearts are worn with care,
And trials past have fallen fast,
But none that we could spare.

For he who loves us better knows
Than we can ever know,
With whom when to fill our cup,
With joy to overflow.

And we have buried lovely ones,
And some are with us still;
Our father bleeds when he takes,
And bleeds he will.

We interred so along the way,
God saw it would not do;
The angels took them in their arms,
And then to heaven flew.

Now through the crystal casements
They look at me and you.

Their happy faces part the cloud
That spreads a veil between us;
They wonder at our downward eyes,
They whisper—"Haven't you seen us?"

They came and nestled by our side,
Our hearts were full of cheer;
They heard the songs of Heaven,
And we could not keep them here.

But we shall know their voices,
Among the angel band,
And they will haste to greet us,
In the celestial land.

Dark angels may lower around us,
But none are brighter above;
Those heavenly constellations
Are types of Heaven's love.

To him who has sustained us,
And watched o'er our way,
And poured so many blessings
Upon us every day—
We'll give our hearts' best service—
The PRAYERS WE RAY.

Women and Lightning.

A studious gentleman, in Paris, named Boudin, has lately occupied himself with statistics of persons killed by lightning, and he declares that ladies should no longer be afraid of the electric fluid, as, in comparison with men, they only suffer from it in the rate of twenty-eight to one hundred. One might be inclined to attribute this difference in mortality to a certain habit of going into cellars, but M. Boudin assures us that lightning exhibits a marked predilection for the male sex, and where a man and woman are walking together, the man is invariably the sufferer. It is to be hoped that Professor Boudin will some day give an explanation of this remarkable phenomenon, and, if his gallantry will permit, make known how the partiality may be corrected.

JEWELLED BUTTERFLIES.—At a recent ball at the Tuilleries, the three Graces, not only as so beautiful, but also as so brave, were decidedly the Empress of the French, the Princess Hohenzollern, and the Princess Metternich. Her Majesty wore a robe of white tulle, sprinkled with jeweled butterflies of all shades. The Imperial tulle de bal was completed by a butterfly in diamonds, in the centre of her Majesty's diadem, and two similarly brilliant butterflies for the breast and the waistband buckle. The Princess Hohenzollern displayed a robe of blue tulle, ornamented with tulle, and the Princess Metternich's dress was in black tulle, adorned by small bouquets of the most beautiful roses.

MISS ROSA NIGHTSHADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUNT ALICE.

Our village paper was not usually very interesting, but it created quite a sensation one morning. It was called the "Prairie Chicken," and the editor was such a wild, flighty sort of a youngster that we thought it well named. The particular interest on the morning mentioned was caused by the following advertisement:

"WANTED.
"A bashful young girl who has never come out in society, wishes to make the acquaintance of a young gentleman as bashful as herself. She wishes to receive but one answer to this, and that one must be in earnest, giving his real name and address; she will then tell him where he can meet."
ROSA NIGHTSHADE.

It is wonderful that our young men were interested in this. Our stove-heaters were laughing over it and pointing it out to fair customers. The clerks were thinking of it and wondering who the fair Rosa could be.

Now we had not over twenty young men in town, and not half so many girls. So you may know the latter received plenty of attention. The younger portion of our young gentlemen did not have a fair chance, the girls would not go with them, called them boys, and quite looked down on them. There was Frank Crane, the only son of our principal merchant, nineteen years of age, and very good looking; but his mother was invisible, so the girls preferred to walk or ride with James Dawson, his father's clerk.

Don Holliday, the tall cooper, was preferred to Henry Crawford, the Judge's son, only for the same reason, as Henry was not yet twenty. The "striplings," as the young ladies called them, were all excited over the startling advertisement. Here might be a chance for one of them. The older ones would not notice it, they thought they had no need to do so.

Henry Crawford could think of nothing but the beautiful Rosa. He said, "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," and poor Henry was willing to meet the retiring lady half way. So he got up his courage and wrote her a note and threw it into the post-office box that very night. He was frightened half out of his wits after the deed was done, and was so pale and restless the next morning that his mother thought him ill, and insisted on his keeping his room, but Henry felt that he must go out in town to learn all that was said of the advertisement. He lingered about the stores, heard many ladies laughing written to Miss Nightshade, &c.

over the affair, and asking the clerks if they had not they? "They would keep clear of such a bold piece, she would not get their names," they answered the girls.

Henry felt it as a personal insult, to hear the innocent Rosa spoken of in such a manner; it was cruel. He knew what it was to be bashful, and felt for her.

"Oh, she's some old maid," said Don Holliday, "she will not get me in her net," while James Dawson wondered aloud if any foot would be queer enough to write to her.

Henry felt certain that he alone had ventured, and he had full faith in the lady.

Next day when the mail was brought in to his father's office he chanced to be there alone; and there, sure enough, was a letter for him.

He read it quickly, his heart beating the while, in this way:

"Thanks, kind sir, for your trust in me. You, and you alone, are the one I have wished to hear from. I have not asked you to meet me in any house in this bustling town, as we might be watched. I expect to take a trip to St. Louis, on the steamer leave; the boat will be here next Saturday evening. If you will come on board at half-past eight o'clock you will meet your friend."

"Miss Rosa Nightshade; delicious thought! But here was a postscript:

"P.S. Inquire very cautiously of the colored steward."

Oh, yes, that was all plain; and this was Friday, only one more day to wait. But it was a long day to the eager Henry.

He met Frank Crane during the day, but neither of them spoke of Miss Nightshade. Henry knew the older boys would not think of writing to the unknown lady, but he had feared that Frank might venture, as he had been outbid by the girls in town as well as himself.

"No, he was safe—had not said that he, and he alone, was the favored one."

He took the precious letter from his breast, pocket, and read it again. "Dear girl," he thought, "I love her already." He felt certain that Jim and Don would yet envy him.

Saturday night came at last, dark and rainy. "The Dove" had gone up in the morning, and would be seen at the landing on its way down the river by seven o'clock. Henry put on his best suit, and was all ready by five o'clock. He dared not go out of his room, until it was quite dark, for fear his fine clothes might be noticed; he sat in his room when the boat's whistle sounded, and his heart thumped audibly. The rain came down in torrents, but he found an umbrella in the hall, as he crept cautiously to the front door.

Out in the street many people were moving about, some with umbrellas, others in darkness, all going down to the river.

It was customary for half the men and boys to go down to every boat that landed; so Henry went on unobserved in the darkness. Arriving at the landing the crowd stopped, for the boat hands were busy rolling on freight; the best, slippiest planks were not very safe, and the hands had possession of it. Henry watched his chance and followed a man with a sack on his shoulder, but another landed in the same manner came up behind him, and purposely crowded past. Henry slipped from the plank and rolled down the muddy bank to the very edge of the river.

The work hands cleared him as he gathered himself up, and repaired the top of the steep bank where the plank rested. He could not see the damage done to his black suit, as the bright city lights were mostly on his back; his hat was jammed, his umbrella gone. More careful this time, he walked steadily on and gained the cabin. It was dimly lighted and wholly deserted. Taking a seat by the stove, he drew a newspaper from his pocket and began reading. A crowd had gathered in the office, or smoking-room, and Henry thought he could distinguish many familiar voices.

He walked to the door leading out on the guards; it was dark there, only a faint glimmer from the fire on the bank where the men were at work, still Henry could see dark forms here and there on the guard, each one standing alone, as if avoiding company.

Going back to the stove, he looked longingly towards the ladies' cabin, but the folding doors were shut. Was his Rosa there, waiting for him?

Soon a light appeared at the little window of the steward's room; he approached it, and on the inside stood an old white-headed negro. "Want me, sir?" inquired the old man. Henry gave him his card and said, "Can I see Miss Nightshade?"

"I will tell you, sir, if you can wait," said the reply. The window was closed, and the old negro kept Henry standing there, and went out on the guard. Dark as it was, Henry could see him stop a moment near each dark form, then pass on to the next. But what of that, he was very cautious, of course, and must not go right on to the ladies' cabin. So Henry kept out of sight, and waited anxiously for the return of the steward.

Soon a small boy came up to Henry and said: "Please walk into the ladies' cabin when the doors are thrown open." Then he, too, slipped away in the dim light. Henry trembled from head to foot; his hour had come; he had not been recognized by any of the town's people, although he knew that many were on board the boat. The gentlemen's cabin had not yet been lighted, but quite a number of men had come in, and more were coming, yet how silent it was! Not a word spoken by any one.

As he thought of this the doors at the end of the saloon were thrown open, and a blaze of light in the ladies' cabin made all bright within. Henry advanced, paying no attention to the crowd following at his heels, his thoughts were all of Rosa. Right under the chandelier, behind the centre table, stood an old man with a valise laid hanging on his arm. Henry reached the table before he looked up; then the old man, raising his hand, as if to command silence, raised his venerable head, and displayed the black face of the colored steward!

"Gentlemen," he said, grinning from ear to ear, and drawing the long veil from the graceful form by his side, "this is Miss Rosa Nightshade! Say we are even now, my good fellows, and leave the boat as quick as you can, for the last bell is ringing."

"A negro, by thunder," said a voice by Henry's side. "A sell, a sell," cried James Day, turning to run, while the young black girl grinned, clapped and chuckled to the crowd of young admirers who had come at her call.

Such an uproar was seldom heard. The boat bell ringing, the young men swearing, the steward bidding them come forward and salute Miss Nightshade, the girl herself showing her white teeth, the passengers crowding up to see the fun, the mate trying to leave the boat who did not wish to take a trip down the river, and the captain, innocent of the trick, uncertain whether to laugh or scold, and our young men caught in the trap only anxious to make their escape.

First Henry was perfectly thunderstruck at that, but when he found that he was not the only victim, he became as noisy as the others; stepping forward, he offered his battered and muddy hat to Miss Rosa, and, turning, fled as if for his life from the boat, followed by his companions. Out of our twenty young gentlemen, eighteen had answered the advertisement of Miss Nightshade, each one thinking that he alone was the favored one, their answers being precisely the same.

How they reached the shore they did not know; one plank had been drawn in, the other was wet and made, and our youngsters were tumbled, scrambled, urged on by the shouts from the men on board.

The Dove moved out into the stream and went puffing away down the river, bearing Miss Rosa and her venerable protector away from the clamorous swarms.

There was an officer's supper that night in the back room of one of our stores, and very exhilarating those officers must have been, to have caused all that shouting and uproar.

There were some red eyes at church the next day, not caused by the sermon, and an inclination to laugh, if eyes met eyes.

The whole story came out, it was too good to keep, and our young men were over their heads united, the older men giving way that their younger companions might have a fair chance in ladies' society; the latter feeling that they need not fear the girls after facing Miss Nightshade.

It came out when all was explained that the old colored steward of the Dove had a grudge against some of our young men, for some tricks they had played him, and he had turned, fed as if for his life from the boat, followed by his companions.

He hired a smart lad at our hotel to put in the advertisement and answer notes, and then caused the noise of the black chambermaid to act the part of Miss Rosa, by giving her the fine dress and veil in which she appeared before her admirers.

Frank Crane had the worst of it; he was so foolish of being observed that he kept out of sight, and only looked in at the back windows in time to witness the grand tableau, and not heeding the warning bell, was far out in the stream before he was aware that the boat was in motion. The captain knew his father well, and put him ashore at the next landing. Frank did not get home till Sunday evening. He was met by his uproarious companions, and faced with following the "fair Rosa."

The "Prairie Chicken" contained an interesting story the next week.

A STRANGE STORY is told of two sisters at Berlin. About three years ago one of these young ladies was engaged to be married, but on the bridal morning because so ill that she could not possibly go to the church. The bridegroom was a desirable man, and was a Jew, who, it seems, had not been easily won. There was, therefore, great laughter in delay, so instead of postponing the marriage the second sister, wearing herself with a long veil, presented the first, and died went through the ceremony. The moment it was over she transferred the bride dress and ornaments to her sister, who, in her innocence, was thus considered to have all proper claim to the husband she had married. It is only recently that a discovery has been made of the real facts, and proceedings are to be taken not only in the civil, but in the criminal courts of Berlin.

Great men direct the events of their time; wise men take advantage of them. Weak men are carried along in their current.

GOOD-BYE.

BY M. W. T.

Never again shall I sit in the gloaming,
Hushing and stilling the beat of my heart;
For the quick tread that announces thy coming,
Never again the swift blushes will start.

When mid the darkness that surges around me,
Vainly I look for the promise of light,
How shall I long for the love that once crowned me,
Ere on my soul fell the blackness of night.

Turn where I will, there are pleasure and gladness,
Music's soft flow, and joys almost divine,
Radiant eyes that seem mocking my sadness,
O'er the flow of their amber-hued wine.

Beautiful forms are whirled by in the dances,
Faces that flash on me out of a dream;
Shine, ye bright jewels, and yet brighter glances,
Melt my cold heart with your glittering beams!

Coldly I roam amid the glow and the glitter,
Careless of splendor that wearies me so,
Feeling, alas! that my heart has grown bitter
Under its burden of sorrow and woe.

Still I must stifle my moans and my sighing,
Deck my face in the ghost of a smile,
Chatter and sing while my hopes are all lying
Dead in the depths of my bosom the while.

Little they think when my laugh rings the lightest,
Of the torn heart that is beating below;
Or, when the rose on my cheek burns the brightest,
Little they dream 'tis despair feeds the glow.

Never again shall I wander beside thee
Through the loved scenes where bright memories dwell;
Blessings attend thee, whatever befalls thee,
'Tis my heart's prayer as I murmur—farewell!

Wonderful Properties of Figures.

Though figures constitute a universal language among the civilized nations of the earth, and maintain such an exalted character for history and truth that it has passed into a proverb that "figures cannot lie," yet they are treated as the mere slaves of calculation, without any regard for that respect and consideration to which their peculiar qualities entitle them. To rescue them from the degradation of being looked upon as mere conveniences, let us see if they are not possessed of certain intrinsic properties which shall excite our wonder and admiration.

Few people have a clear conception of even "a million of dollars." Mr. Longworth, who recently died at Cincinnati, was said to be worth fifteen millions of dollars. How many days would it take to count that sum, at the rate of fifty dollars a minute, working steadily ten hours each day? While some are guessing four or five days, another week, another two weeks or a month, the operation may be made mentally. Fifteen millions divided by fifty gives three hundred thousand minutes; divided by sixty gives five thousand hours; divided by ten gives five hundred days! An answer which is sure to strike your guessers with amazement; a remarkable instance of the difference between guessing and thinking.

The powers of the human understanding are limited. The increase of figures has no limit. Our knowledge of numbers, therefore, must necessarily be limited. But, like every other subject, the more we study and think about it, the more we shall know. A distinguished philosopher, to whom the world is indebted for some of the grandest truths of science, has said that, without any extraordinary endowment of mind, by thinking long and deeply on this subject, point after point gradually unfolded itself to his mental vision, until he was able to comprehend the mighty laws which control the universe.

The child who has learned to count as far as three, has an idea of that number; but the number thirteen is quite beyond his comprehension. The savage goes along very well with his arithmetic, so long as he is not required to go beyond the enumeration of his fingers and toes; but any greater number quite bewilders his imagination, and, in despair, he refers to the hairs of the head, leaves of the forest, or the sands on the sea-shore, to express his overwhelming sense of its magnitude. Every young student of history has laughed at the extreme simplicity and ignorance of the Indians when Powhatan sent an Englishman to see the country and find out how many people were there. As soon as the shores of England were reached, the "poor Indian" procured a long stick and commenced to cut a notch on it for every one he saw. Of course, he was soon obliged to stop.

On his return, Powhatan, among many questions, asked how many people he had seen. "Count the stars in the sky," was the reply, "the leaves on the trees, or the sands on the shore; for such is the number of the English." Perhaps this untutored child of the forest was not so very far astray after all; for the stars in both hemispheres, visible to the naked eye, do not exceed the number of ten thousand. The hairs of the head and the leaves of the trees may be easily counted, and the sands of the sea-shore are by no means innumerable.

POWER OF CIPHERS.

The enlightened man may have a clear understanding of thousands, and even millions; but much beyond that he can form no distinct idea. A simple example, and one easily solved, will illustrate the observation. If all the rain falling of water that ever nearly threatened the white surface of the globe were emptied, drop by drop, into one grand reservoir, the whole number of drops could be written by the two words, "eighteen septillions," and expressed in figures by annexing twenty-four zeros to the number 18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. Man might as well attempt to explore the bounds of eternity, as to form any reliable idea of the units contained in the expression above; for, although the aggregate of drops is indicated by figures in the space of only one inch and a half of ordinary print, yet, if each particular drop were noted by a separate stroke like the figure 1, it would form a line of marks sufficiently long to wind round the sun six thousand billions of times!

Now, observe, if you please, the descriptive power of a value which the sphere, indicated by themselves, give to the significant figure 18. The young reader will be surprised to learn that the use of the cipher to designate the value of any particular figure, which is now practiced by

every schoolboy, was unknown to the ancients. Therefore, among the Greeks and Romans, and other nations of antiquity, arithmetical operations were exceedingly tedious and difficult. They had to reckon with little pebbles, shells, or beads, used as counters, to transact the ordinary business of life. Even the great Cicero, in his oration for Roccus, the actor, in order to express 50,000, had to make use of the very awkward and cumbersome notation, CCCCXX CCCCX CCCCX. How very odd this seems—"In the year of our Lord MDCCLXXI" (1666).

Many curious and interesting things might be said concerning the history of numerical characters used in ancient and modern times; but, not to prolong this article, they must be reserved for some future occasion.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

The simple interest of one cent, at six per cent. per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the year 1864, would be but the trifling sum of one dollar, eleven cents, and eight mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84,840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be one thousand millions, every man, woman, and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, and could circle the earth in the wink of an eye, 70,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a Parrot-gun were discharged at one extremity, while a man was stationed at the other,—light travelling one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second—the initial velocity of a cannon-ball being about 1,500 feet per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate, and sound moving through the atmosphere 1,120 feet in a second,—he would see the flash after waiting one hundred and ten thousand years; the ball would reach him in seventy-four billions of years; but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand millions of centuries.

The present system of figures is called the Arabic method, but it should be more properly termed the Indian method, because it had its origin among the Hindoos of India, from whom the Arabs learned it; and they, in turn, carried the art into Spain, where they practiced it during their long occupation of that country.

The publication of their astronomical tables, in the form of almanacs, was the principal means of gradually spreading it abroad among the surrounding nations; but so slow was the progress that it was not generally established until about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Washington and the Horse.

The following incident is related in Mr. Gustav's Recollections of Washington.—The blooded horse was a Virginia favorite of those days, as well as these. The mother, fond of the animal to which her deceased husband had always been particularly attached, had preserved the race in its greatest purity, and at the time of our story, possessed several young horses of superior promise. One there was, a sorrel, destined to be famous (and for much better reasons than the horse which a brutal conqueror rode to the city of Rome). This sorrel was of a fierce and ungovernable nature, and resisted all attempts to subjugate him to the rein. He had reached his full size and vigor, unconscious of a rider, and ranged as free as air, which he snuffed in triumph, tossing his mane to the wind, and sporting the earth, in the pride of his freedom. It was a matter of common remark, that a man never would be found hardy enough to back and ride this vicious horse. Several had essayed, but were deterred by the fury of the animal, they had desisted from their attempt, and the steed remained unbroken. The young Washington proposed to his companions, that if they would assist him in taming the steed, so that a bridle could be placed in his mouth, he would engage to tame this terror of the parish. Accordingly, only the evening following, the associates decamped the horse into an enclosure, where they secured him and forced a bit into his mouth. Bold, vigorous, and young, the daring chief sprang to his untamed back, and bidding his comrades remove their tracks, the intrepid conqueror rushed to the head of the animal, and, as if by magic, at first attempted to fly, but soon felt the power of an arm which could have tamed his Arab grand-dad, in wildness, on their native downs. The struggle now became terrible to the beholders, who almost wished they had not joined in an enterprise so likely to be fatal to their daring associate. But the youthful hero, that expert horseman, man of胆量, was the fortune of the sorrel, all, however, he was supposed to make part of the animal itself. Long was the conflict, and the fears of the associates became more relieved as, with matchless force, the rider preserved his seat, and with matchless force controlled the owner's rage, when the gallant horse, commencing all his power to one mighty effort, burst, and plunged with tremendous violence, burst his noble heart, and died in an instant! The rider, alive, unharmed, and without a wound, was joined by the youthful group, and all gazed upon the generous steed, which now prostrate, trailed in dust the honors of his name; while from his distended nostrils gushed in torrents the life blood that a moment before had swelled in his veins. The feat surprised was necessary over, with a "what's to be done? who shall tell this tale?" When the party was summoned to the morning's meal. A conversation the most unappetizing to the youthful company, became introduced by the master's asking, "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colt in your career?" I hope they are well taken care of; my father's colt is as good as his skin." Considerable embarrassment being observable, the lady replied her question, when George Washington replied, "Your favorite, the sorrel is dead, madam." "Dead!" exclaimed the lady, "why, how has this happened?" Nothing dismayed the chief continued, "That sorrel horse has long been coming round the side of the hill; this morning, aided by my friends, we forced a bit into his mouth—I braked him—I rode him, and in a desperate struggle for the mastery, he fell under me, and died on the spot." The heads of a moment were observed to blink upon the master's cheek; but, like a summer shower, it came passed away, and all sat content and happy, when the lady said, "It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."

GEORGE.—A distinguished leader seldom gains to be the power of making others.

MARRIAGES.

Every Marriage notice must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2nd of Feb., by the Rev. W. T. Kye, Mr. Nathan Price to Miss Mary J. daughter of Henry W. Miller, Esq., both of this city.
On the 2nd of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Murphy, William W. Lippincott to Miss Anna T. Threlk, both of this city.
On the 2nd of Feb., by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. Emerson R. Martin to Miss Nellie H. Warner, both of this city.
On the 2nd of Feb., by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. William Smith to Miss Margaret J. Wilson, both of this city.
On the 2nd of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Benjamin D. McVay to Miss Emma Jacob, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Every Notice of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Feb., Capt. Fred Linn, in his 64th year.
On the 29th of Feb., James Walling, in his 71st year.
On the 29th of Feb., James B. Smith, in his 71st year.
On the 29th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Benjamin D. McVay to Miss Emma Jacob, both of this city.
On the 29th of Feb., Mr. William R. Haxell, in his 64th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathairein," signifying to cleanse, renovate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing. It eradicates scurf and dandruff. It keeps the head cool and clean. It makes the hair rich, soft and glossy. It prevents the hair from falling out and turning gray.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

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This is the most delightful and renowned article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a purity and texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth. It eradicates all eruptions, pimples, freckles and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It eradicates all eruptions, pimples, freckles and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It eradicates all eruptions, pimples, freckles and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth.

Prepared by W. E. Hagan, Troy, N. Y.

Address all orders to

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J. W. BEWITT.

Former of American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—I had a negro man worth \$1,000 who took cold from a bad hurt and was unable for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Western Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, etc.

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CANCER.

DR. ELIOT, 323 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, is the most successful and only reliable operator upon Cancer in the World by his great Cancer Antidote, recently and most wonderful treatment that apparently enters into the chemical composition of the Cancer, cancerous and malignant affections, chemically and specifically antidote, killing and destroying the cancer, every particle, root and fibre, without it or to be seen, without pain, or the use of the knife, without cauterizing and without medicine, without the loss of blood or in the least affecting the system. For particulars send for a Circular.



Apparatus of a Cancer Antidote, showing its roots and fibres, and its mode of operation.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

On the Letter W.
The wide world you may reach and my fellow
not find,
I dwell in a vacuum, deficient in wind;
In the wisage I'm seen, in the voice I am heard,
And yet I'm invisible, gives vent to no word;
I'm not much a vag, I'm wanting in wit,
But distinguished in words for the volumes I've
writ.
I'm the head of all williams, though far from the
virtue,
I'm the foremost in vice, though in virtue the
first;
I'm used not to weapons, and never goes to war,
Though in water, invisible, in victory soar.
The first of all wands and wittles is mine,
Rich in wesson and weak, but deficient in vice.
To waddy given, I'm waders abound,
But in wesson, in vice and in wisdom am found;
Yet conspicuous in wigs—and I'll tell you
between us,
To persons of taste, I'm a bit of a Venus;
Let none take me for wad, or for woe in its stead,
For I rank not among the sweet woad, woe and
red.

Cool.

San Francisco boasts of a saloon called the Bank Exchange, where the finest wines and liquors are dispensed at twenty-five cents a glass, with luncheon thrown in free. A plain looking person went in one morning and called for a brandy cocktail, and wanted it strong. Mr. Parker, as is usual with him, was very considerate, and mixed the drink in his best style, setting it down for his customer. After the cocktail had disappeared the party leaned over the bar and said that he had no change about him then, but would have soon, when he would pay for the drink. Parker politely remarked that he should have mentioned that fact before he got the drink; when his customer remarked, "I tried that on yesterday morning with one of your men, but he would not let me have the whiskey, so you could not play that dodge on me again." This was too good for Parker, and he told the customer he was welcome to his drink, and was entitled to his hat in the bargain, if he wanted it.

Hotel Prices in Washington.

The following items may appear slightly exaggerated to those who have not visited the National Capital of late, but a famous letter-writer in Washington says that he was recently compelled to pay this bill, although the payment reduced him to the extreme penury.

Board and room (three days),	\$15.00
Use of room furniture (extra),	2.50
Five (extra),	5.00
Gas (extra),	3.00
Use of bedclothes (extra),	3.00
Drinks,	0.00
Use of table at meals (extra),	3.00
Being told "Don't move" (extra),	50
Being told "Can't say" (extra),	50
Carrying baggage in and from room (extra),	2.50
Privileges of epistrophe (extra),	1.50
	\$35.50
Add ten per cent. for cash,	4.85
	\$40.35

A Cheerful Driver.

Artemus Ward, in describing his journey from California, says—"The driver with whom I sat outside informed me, as we slowly rolled down the fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time which cost the California Stage Company a great deal of money. 'Because,' said he, 'junes is agin us on principle, and every man who sums us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with me, you bet.' 'How is that?' I said. 'It was frightfully dark. It was snowing, withal; and, notwithstanding the brakes were kept hard down, the coach slipped wildly, often fairly touching the brink of the black precipice. 'How is that?' I said. 'Why, you see,' he replied, 'that corpse never me for damages, but married people do. And the next time I have an overturn, I shall go round and carefully examine the passengers. Them as is dead, I shall let alone; but them as is married, I shall finish with the king-bolt. Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it.' Thus, with anecdotes, did this driver cheer me up."

Smart Dog.

The town of Astoria, Oregon, on board of the steamer dog that has been heard from lately, if Van Dusen tells the truth in relation to the dog's canine. While visiting Tillamook Beach this summer, the dog was troubled very much with fleas, and had become tired of scratching. He was discovered one day hunting around the house for something, and finally picked up a piece of loose soft cotton, tearing it and started off for the beach with the cotton sticking out of his mouth. He went to the water, slowly backing down into it, and holding his head up so as to keep the cotton dry. The dog started for his head as the dog kept backing in the water, and finally there was but the cotton out of the water, when suddenly cotton disappeared, and the dog made his appearance minus cotton and fleas. The cotton was pulled out of the water, and was found actually alive with fleas. Van says he saw the dog do it—so it must be so.

A Melic.

Not long since a hard, pork, and butter merchant on — street had a large iron, ornamental-shaped machine on the sidewalk in front of his store. Some one unknown to the proprietor, labeled it "Turpedo taken from the harbor of Charleston." Of course a large crowd was assembled around it every day, and various speculations concerning it were in the air. Some people said it might be a torpedo, and the one drying the powder, cause it to explode, another, pointing out to a friend the machine, laughingly said, "he had seen them, and 'knew all about 'em.' At last the owner one night took off the label, and replaced it with "This Land Power for Sale," which was what the machine really was—an instrument to press meat into cans. The usual crowd was there in the morning, but did not stay long, as their curiosity was easily satisfied. It is now impossible to find a man who ever went to see the Great Turpedo.

☞ The climax of human indifference has arrived when a woman does not care how she looks.



JONES.
As he appeared when being told that he was "so dreadfully satirical."

Casting Out Devils.

We have a friend, a Methodist preacher, and a jolly fellow he is. He has a large muscular frame, with corpulence to correspond; has a huge hand, with a powerful grip—save us from giving him serious offence if he were a common sinner!—has inexhaustible vitality, and would not be over-delicately perpetrating a joke, even if it should be a little rough, and has withal a homeliness which his complexion does not greatly relieve. This friend of ours is an earnest worker, and has a well earned reputation as a revivalist. Some years ago he was holding a meeting at which quite an interest was awakened. A number of persons had come to the morning's meeting, and some had been converted. One evening a group, consisting of two or three young men and as many young ladies, were present, whose object in coming was to have merrier. Our friend the minister having noticed their manoeuvres for a while, and thinking it was time they were checked, found his way to them, and addressing himself to the young men, kindly requested them to observe the decorum befitting the place. One of them, whose idea of politeness was hardly up to the mark, ventured in a rather ungracious manner to reply that they "had understood that miracles were worked there, and they had come to see some performed." Upon this our robust friend, the minister, coolly took the young man by the coat-collar, deliberately led him down the aisle, and, opening the door, without further ceremony, landed him outside, quietly remarking, "We do not work miracles here, but we cast out devils!"

Authorities.

The literary world in the present age seems quite full of authorship, and as it is understood that lady writers of poet, open high moral grounds, to anything but the most kindly criticism, the test of the critics of the day become very difficult. After pronouncing against some third-rate novel, which is made up of murders and of moonshine, the critic feels as Domed must have felt after wounding Venus in the arm. The injured goddess goes moaning about the magazines, and complaining to every one she meets in print, of the brutal conduct of some reviewer who has ventured to hint that her idea of the law of entail is a little peculiar, or that a couple in weak health is not necessarily the type of manly beauty or grandeur. After suffering and recounting this outrage, she falls back on the sympathy of a less irreverent public, and complains herself with learning from the country papers and the British gentlemen's monthly periodicals that her book is the best to go to for all those who want a fresh dewy truth to lay upon the human heart, and that many a weary mourner has taken her for the gentle grace with which she waits through the chambers of the soul. It is almost impossible to persuade the casual author that in the republic of letters there is no distinction of sex, and that a bad novel in three volumes is not the less a bad one because it has been written by a lady who believes that she has a decided reason for writing it. Yet the high place occupied in modern literature by names like those of Madame Sand, or Miss Austen, or George Eliot proves that what women really write will the world to perfectly ready to acknowledge it.—English Journal.

AGRICULTURAL.

Corno's Column.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEATH IN THE FUL.

At—and in the kitchen, dripping, frying pan, and best smoked Bologna sausage, try it. If we are to believe one-half of all the outcry the public press and private gossip are making against pork, we must of necessity believe in our diet of crumbly food, we ought to be here. It is in order to do so, or preventing in our inability, one of these days we may find ourselves in the deplorable condition of the wicked Roman Tetrarch—our flesh "eaten alive with worms."

Seriously, there is great danger in indulging in the habitual use of pork in any form, whether as a diet. We are not going to argue here that all pork is diseased or unwholesome, though two-thirds of all the cheap meats, sausages, hams and sausages we eat may be such, and we know the worst for it. There is actually a great deal of pork and material made from pork eaten that is wholly unfit to eat. Very few persons are provided with the means of detecting danger

lurking in a nice ham, a nice inviting cut of prime pig pork, or a few links of savory country sausage. And there are just as few who are careful to boil, bake or fry their pork until it is thoroughly—wholesomely done. If we are determined to feed in part on *hydatids*, let us by all means have our worms cooked to kill.

Any piece of pork we happen to purchase in the market may be infested with atomic *Loa Mirabilis*, and neither the vendor or ourselves aware of their presence. We have been experimenting with pound pieces of pork purchased on nice commercial market days, the result being that in two of the nine samples, when subjected to a microscopic test, we found *hydatids* present in considerable numbers, and a few in one of the other samples. Of course, those samples were sent "to the dogs," but had we been driven by some necessity to swallow a single mouthful of that pork-and-worm mixture, it should have been so cooked first that those worms should never by any possibility have made any further developments.

Of the more than two hundred varieties of *Cysticercus* that live, breed, feed and fatten in the intestines, vitals, flesh, muscles, brain and blood of vertebrate animals, about thirty have fixed upon humanity as their special feeding field. The manner in which some of these terrible worms run their round of existence is simply this: Let us take the most usual form in which the parasite appears in pork. The eggs are taken into the stomach of the animal in some food, hatching in the intestines. In their first change, the larva are provided with a cutting apparatus, by means of which they deftly cut their way into both veins and arteries, and are driven by the blood thither and thither into every part of the animal system, where in a few days they undergo the second transformation, becoming *hydatids*, and in the hog, making what is called "measly pork," though pork may be, and very frequently is, dangerously measly, without the least indication of anything wrong about it, unless the microscopic test is carefully applied.

Both the perfect cestode and its eggs abound in pork thus diseased, and as the reality of the meat—not destroyed by ordinary boiling, roasting or frying, always, the consequence is that they are swallowed alive in swallowing pork, and run their round of life again in our system, precisely as their predecessors have done in the swine—only unfortunately for us, we are not slaughtered and marketed every year or two, as swine are, thus compelling the cestode to be "born again," and so they go on indefinitely, swimming in shades in our blood, revelling in our liver, rioting in our brain, clinging our joints, causing extraordinary agony, lingering torture, and finally bringing us down as surely as the carbolic drops from the branch the perished pig.

Depend upon it, there are a great many more people, men, women and children, sent out of the world by worms, than the majority of mankind are aware of.

GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.

And by all means let us have daily the very best bread that is to be made—not that which is leavened and made light by any process of fermentation. We have bidden our last good-bye to that kind of material after applying a microscopic test of twelve hundred diameters power to a loaf of our finest, sweetest yeast-baked, and finding forty per cent of good food material metamorphosed into *fungus*—"measly material," if you please, by fermentation, and thus rendered not only unfit for food, but absolutely poisonous to degree.

We are particularly attached to good, pure manna, but always detested loaf manna, and finding forty per cent of the very best fermented bread, we could make, presented in the form of food, we were in a dilemma. Perhaps we should have discarded bread entirely, but for the timely suggestion of our friend, Dr. G., who simply said, "Artemus."

We had no definite idea what *Artemus* was, and have not yet, beyond the fact that it produces the very best bread, cakes, pie crusts, puddings, and all sorts of pastry without fermentation that we have ever seen. As it is cheaper than any other material we have ever used, always prepared, and contains the richest and fattest "measly" and knowledge of dough, save the hour or two, sometimes three, required for yeast-made bread to rise, and destroys on particles of the food properties of the flour, our honest conviction is that the public ought to be advised where to get and how to use the material. Here are two samples in which it is used, the value of which we can fully endorse.

BREAD.

Take one quart, or one and a half pounds of wheat flour, mix with it dry, three teaspoonful

of *Artemus*—dissolve sufficient salt in enough cold water to mix the flour into a dough as soft as can be conveniently handled—a trifle less than a pint of water will be about the rule. Do not knead it. Shape very lightly, and bake at once in a quick oven, all but before you begin to mix. Such bread will be fresh, moist, and—very good bread when four days old.

CORN CAKE.

One pint each of flour and Indian meal, and three teaspoonful of *Artemus*, all well mixed together. Add a gill of molasses, two beaten eggs—mix this with milk, and bake slowly till done. That makes a capital corn cake.

The material is sold by all first-class grocers everywhere, and manufactured by E. Mockridge & Co., 62 North 4th street, Philadelphia, and 102 Warren street, New York. And beyond this we are not advised.

GO AFTER THE WORMS.

As a very large per cent of all sorts of orchard and every description of fruit pests and plagues lie hidden during the winter in the pupa or larva form a few inches below the surface, under and about fruit trees, the month of March and early in April is a most capital season to turn them out of house and home—capital for the fruit-grower—very bad for the bugs and worms. Go out at every available opportunity, armed with spade, hoe, mattock, or whatever implement you can easiest turn over the turf or delve up the dirt with, and spade, dig, turn up as much of the surface under the trees as you can find time for. These embryo plagues in the larva state, coiled up in their earthen sockets undisturbed, will endure any amount of freezing and thawing out. But just turn them out of doors once, and one slight freezing will finish them up effectually.

Besides cutting off a million, or so, of incipient destruction, you will have conferred a benefit upon your fruit trees that they will repay with compound interest another season.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

SWEET BREAD.

Two pounds of flour, 1 pound of sugar, 3 tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cupful of milk or buttermilk.

JEWELRY.

Eight eggs, 2 pounds of flour, 3 pounds of sugar, 1 pound of butter, beat the butter to a cream, then add the sugar, then the eggs well beaten, and lastly the flour. To be made into a dough and cut out in cakes.

WASHING SOAP.

Dissolve 1 pound of soda and 1/2 pound of hot lime in 1 gallon of boiling water; next dissolve 1 pound of sliced hard soap in 2 quarts of boiling water; when cool, mix them together. This forms a compound for washing superior to any of the washing fluids and patent soaps now in use.

BREAKFAST OR TEA BICCHER.

One pint well raised bread dough, 1 egg, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, well worked in; cut the bicchier, let them rise an hour or two before baking.

INDIAN MEAL FRIED CAKES.

One pint of sour milk, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt, 2/3 coffee cups of fine Indian meal. Mix all together, then drop from a spoon into hot lard, and then let them boil until a nice brown.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup of milk, one teaspoon full of shortening, 2 of sugar, 1 of yeast, 1 egg, well beaten, 2 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1/2 of salt, and put flour enough to make it stiff, then roll out and cut according to fancy, and fry in hot fat.

S. A. D.

Selected.

PANCAKE are to be well washed and rubbed, but not scraped. Boil them from an hour to two hours, according to their size, and try them with a fork. They are nice with pork. When you split them in half, dredge with flour, and fry a nice brown. Serve hot.

CARROT are plain boiled and require as much cooking as parsnips, pour drawn butter over them, and serve hot. They are nice with beef.

TURKISH—The Ruta Baga or Swedish Turnip, is the best, when they are well boiled and mashed. The white turnip is very slow with boiled mutton.

TO BOIL CORN—Put a dozen white onions, put them into a stew-pot, enough to hold them without laying one on the other, cover them with hot water, and sprinkle some salt over. Let it simmer slowly for one hour and a half, then drain off all the water and pour over half a pint of good cream or new milk, and just let it stand. Serve hot.

SOFT FLAKES—Mix the egg plant an eighth of an inch in thickness, part it and sprinkle salt over it as long before cooking, then drain off all the water, beat up the yolk of an egg, dip the slices first in the egg, and then in crumbs of bread; fry a nice brown. Serve hot and free from fat.

STEWED MINCEMEAT—Select fresh, tender mince. The best if they are good is to drop a silver spoon in the mincepan while they are cooking; if they are the right kind the spoon is unharmed, if not it becomes broken. Put them into a saucepan, with salt and a very little water, and let them simmer slowly when nearly done, add butter and a little pepper. Serve hot.

TOMATOES STEWED—Pour boiling water on so many tomatoes as are required to be cooked, skin them, take out the seeds, put the pulp and juice into a tin or porcelain saucepan, with a little salt, and set them in a hot place to cook slowly for three hours, when nearly done, stir in butter, and a very little grated cracker or bread crumbs, some parsley like them, better without either, when very old, a little sugar is an improvement, but nothing else, as it is important to retain the tomato flavor.

CRABAPPLES STEWED FOR MEATS AND FOWL—Pick and wash 1 quart of crabapples, pour them into a colander to drain, then put the berries into a tin or porcelain saucepan, but no water, excepting that which remains on them from washing; stir through them in the saucepan 1/2 of a pound of light brown sugar, sugar, then cover tightly, and set them in the oven to cook slowly. When quite done, they will be soft, then put them in a mould to cool, and if prepared as directed, they will be jellied when turned out. They are necessary with poultry, pork and mutton.

THE RIDDLE.

Scriptural Enigma.

1. The name which Abraham his daughter gave.
2. The name of him who Jericho rebuilt.
3. The Hittite from whom Abraham bought a cave.
4. The town where all the nobles' blood was spilt.
5. What king Jehoiachin from prison freed?
6. Who kept Paul prisoner to please the Jews?
7. Who ministered to Paul in his great need?
8. One who to Peter entrance did refuse.
9. Who from his dungeon Jeremiah freed?
10. The town where Ananias died in vain.
11. The Mosabish king whom Elhad slew.
12. The town in which Abimelech was slain.
13. What prophet died in vain to save his life?
14. A son who perished for his father's sin.
15. A churl who had a wise and prudent wife.
16. Who bravely fought his promised wife to win?
17. The town whence Raasha over Israel reigned.
18. What Jew was beaten in a public place?
19. The place where Jacob once whole night remained.
20. Who died on hearing of his sons' decease?
21. The valley where Goliath David smote.
22. The tale whence John his Revelation wrote.

This text invites us all

A closer watch to keep

To guard our faith, the Bridegroom comes
Sometimes the while we sleep.

Geographical Anagrams.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am dear!
Corn heap.
Clean rise.
O! sob out.
Hem's wire bed.
Late morn.
No sir! a man.

A last wrench.
No sad hint.
Win red lace!
Bold army.
O! send that "lark."
The lark.
Line bag.

H. H. G.

Cubical Box Question.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have 5 planks, which together will make 80 square feet and 114 square inches, plain surface, fit timber ready to be joined, and each plank 1/2 inches in thickness. (That is the outside upper surface of the planks, not being multiplied by the thickness as is sometimes done to bring lumber into board measure.) Of these I wish to make myself a strong cubical box, as large as I possibly can without occasioning any waste in the timber, and with bottom and lid of the same stuff. What can be the outside measure of each side of the box? And how many board feet of measured grain will the said box when made hold, provided it is true that a Winchester bushel contains 2150 2/3 cubical inches?

AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

A Ball Problem.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two balls of equal weight and size, one gold, the other silver; the silver one is plated with gold, but no chemical or other scientific test can possibly discover which is gold or which silver. How is the discovery to be made by a simple mechanical process? Will the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST hunt out the solution? COSMO.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a tract of land lying in the shape of a trapezium, which measures from the first to the second corner 320 perches; from the second to the third corner 400 perches; from the third to the fourth corner 300 perches; and the diagonal from the first to the third corner measures 512 perches. It is desired to divide this tract into two equal parts by the shortest possible straight line. Required—the length and position of the dividing line.

ARTHUR MARTIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men 40 miles apart start simultaneously to meet. The speed of one per hour equals in miles the square root of the distance over which he has passed; the speed of the other is 1 mile per hour. In what time will they meet?

GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ With what letters should poets and his friends write? Ans.—T. E. (tune).
☞ What letter is more than a yard long? Ans.—As I tell.
☞ What length might a lady's crinoline be? Ans.—A little above two feet.
☞ Why is paying a bill and intending to pay it the same thing? Ans.—It is pay meant payment.
☞ What lever like speech would an empty purse make if it could speak? Ans.—You will find no change in us.
☞ At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the Garden of Eden? Ans.—Five time during the night. He certainly came after Eve.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Enigma, Riddle, and Conundrum. ENIGMA—Virginia F. Brown, G. A. RADE—What? (said—said—how—what?) DOUBLE RIDDLE—Hobson and Thomas, that—Utah—Diana—Ham—one—Napier.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by Artemus Martin, Jan. 4th—see 14,443 perches; perpendicular 41,919 perches; hypotenuse 53,954 perches. Artemus Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 13th—6-14. Artemus Martin, and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM of Jan. 27th—14 years. Gill Bates, Morgan Shreve, William Buckler, Henry R. Spier.